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TERMS.

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Miscellaneous.

The Opinionated Man.

This sort of man is the condensed quintessence of the Bunsby tribe. He has formed his opinions upon every subject under the face of heaven, which he will never change, however clear and forcible a demonstration you may offer of their falsity and absurdity. Instead of wearing his opinions as he would his coat—to change when he can get better—he retains them threadbare and worn-out though they be, and insists if they be not "new they" are at least sound and good. He is an intolerable nuisance in society, for to differ with him upon any subject, is only to suffer yourself to rudeness and impertinence; and so confident is he in his own infallibility, that he will monopolize the conversation of a party, unless checked by an adroit hit. It is related of Dr. Johnson, that, once in an argument with MacKlin, the great actor, he used a Latin quotation, which MacKlin modestly declared he did not understand. "Sir," said the dogmatical Doctor, "a man who pretends to argue should understand all languages." "Should he, indeed?" replied MacKlin, and instantly gave a quotation in Irish, which bothered Johnson quite as completely as the Latin had confounded MacKlin.

Dr. Johnson was, essentially, an opinionated man—dogmatical, rude, and overbearing; but he differed from the class in the profundity of his wisdom and the almost uniform correctness of his judgment. It was this which made the rudeness of his manners tolerated by his contemporaries. He always spoke as if there was no appeal from his judgment, and the Boswells of his day confirmed him in it. But it is a piece of most arrogant assumption on the part of men blessed with little wisdom and a weak judgment, to adopt the dogmatical style of Dr. Johnson, without the ability to sustain it, and expect toleration where they merit only kicks and contempt.

They seem to think there is a sort of disgrace attached to a change of opinion—a dreadful inconsistency. We think the man who never changes his opinion the most inconsistent and stupid in the world. If the whole human family had been composed of such people, we should now be in a savage state of barbarity. But, thank Heaven the great body of mankind are progressive in spirit, and throw aside, without hesitation, old dogmas and opinions, when a larger experience and a more extended enlightenment prove them wrong.—N. O. Delta.

THE SAFEST SEAT IN THE CARS.—A great deal has been said and written about the safest place in a railway car. Some assert that the nearer the locomotive the better; and some the most distant. Of course there is no position that is absolutely safe. Whirling along at 40 and 50 miles an hour, is in itself dangerous, rendering a seat in a depot hardly safe. An exchange has the following remarks on the subject:

The frequency of collisions on railroads has raised the question, which is the place of greatest security in a railroad train? The Railroad Journal gives the following as an answer: It is very well known that the car nearest the engine is exposed to the least dust, and the rear car of a train is generally safer than the front car. The safest is probably the last car but one, in a train of more than two cars: there are fewer chances of accidents to this than any other.

If it is a way train at moderate speed, or any train standing still, a collision is possible from another train in the rear; in which case the last car receives the first shock. Again the engine and the front cars of a train will often go over a broken rail, or a cow, or stone, without detriment, while the last car, having nothing to draw it into the line of the train is free to leave the track. Next to the forward car, the rear car is probably the most unsafe in the train. The safest seat is probably near the centre of the last car but one, and in a very long train, in the centers of the last two or three cars next to the last.

The Washington County Post says a chap in a certain village, with whom the editor is acquainted, having had *sanded* sugar sold to him, inserted in the weekly paper the following: "Notice:—I purchased of a grocer in this village a quantity of sugar, from which I obtained one pound of sand. If the rascal who cheated me will send to my address seven pounds of good sugar, (Scripture measure of restitution,) I will be satisfied; if not, I shall expose him." On the following day, nine seven pound packages of sugar were left at his residence from as many different dealers, each supposing himself the person intended.

If a young woman wishes to have herself published as "fascinating, beautiful, and accomplished," let her pack up her best clothes in a dirty towel, crawl out of the back up stairs window some dark rainy night, and elope with the man that feeds and carries her father's horse. It's a big price to pay for compliments, but it will bring them just as certain as a dirty rain barrel will bring mosquitoes. In fact, we never knew a woman to make a very decided fool of herself in any way, without enhancing her charms two or three hundred per cent. by the time her case got into the papers.

The N. Y. Tribune learns that the Democratic leaders in Europe, Kossuth and Mazzini, do not expect any immediate pursuance of hostilities. They regard war as ultimately certain, or at least as highly probable, but not as likely to begin before next spring. In forming this opinion they have access to good sources of information.

From the Southern Christian Advocate.
Rides about Camden.—No. 4.
PAINT HILL.

That love of country is a virtue of no common order, amounts to a truism. But it is not so generally understood, that in order to love our country, we must begin by loving it in the segregated; loving it in the aggregate will follow in due course, and this love in the particular must be preceded by acquaintance. How can we love that which we do not know? Then in order to love our whole country, we must first, love the place where we live; in order to which we should of course become familiar with its varied aspects. Neighbor Camdenian, do you desire to love your country, or what is the same, your town, then get by heart her features, especially, that exceedingly prominent one, of which we have just been taking surprised and delighted cognisance, Paint Hill. Perhaps, you were not aware she possessed any such feature; well, a ride of a mile or two, in the direction I will point out, will give you a demonstration of the fact, and you will consider yourself well repaid, for any time or trouble it may cost you, by the view: in verity, the view, though in the vicinity of Camden. There is here, and everywhere a view, a view of them, to those who will but open their eyes to see. God's beautiful nature is full of them, everywhere, but "his distance lends enchantment to the view," says the poet. (I mean to make him elude in with my idea.) Yes if this view of Paint Hill were but abroad on the tourist's trodden path, stereotyped in guide books, rhapsodized by travellers, then were it worth while, employing one's purse and perilling one's limbs to go to it; but, because it is only a pleasant ride of a mile or so, from your own door, you'll spend a whole lifetime without a peep at it, and when pragmatic strangers are twitting you with the insipidity of the scenery of your native place, you will not have it in your power even to put them down with Paint Hill.

Do neighbor, without further delay, betake yourself there, as did we this morning. The road is excellent, leading past the depot, through that beautiful creek which the Bay blossoms are using for a looking glass, all in pure white, as they are, and perfumed as a bride for her wedding. Then you will come to that venerable relic of the past, McRae's old Mill, a revolutionary relic, by the way, it having been at its pulsation, during those stirring times of seventy-six. How tenacious and deserted now, no longer furnishing food for the eater, no longer surrounded by uncouthy wagons, disembodying their teeming loads, no longer resounding with the ceaseless hum of busy industry it stands a melancholy monument of the "sic transit" of the wheel of time, that, at last, must with us, as it has with it, come to a full stop. At the rear of the old mill, there is a small pond, and there is a beautiful pure white crane "feeding among the lilies," the pure white water lilies, that like stars of light, seem to have fallen right out of heaven upon that sheet of water. But on we go, crossing the bridge over the creek, which by that race by the side of the road, was carried along to minister to the operations of McRae's Mill. On the bank of that stagnant looking pond, full of old stamps, which you perceive as you cross the bridge, sits a hunter with fowling piece in hand, waiting his opportunity to shoot a wild duck.—Ah, he has been successful, we presume, at least there is a report to that effect.

But, here we are at our hill. Paint so styled we suppose from the soil here, abruptly assuming the line of vermilion. Remark my companion du voyage, the first time I approached this hill, it was from the opposite direction, and about the glancing, as the Scotch say. The distance from Camden appeared from the view of it, from here, so very short, that I congratulated myself on being there before night fall; but the way seemed to lengthen, as I went, and ere I reached my destination, "the Elbow Goddess" had made the darkness so profound I had well nigh been as bewildered as bewildered.

But, let us take a circuit of the hill, a considerable one is for these parts, affording an extended view. Camden appears in this distance charming in rural beauty, from every stand point of the deliverty, while touching with sacred associations, the heaven directed spire of the distant church. As we round the hills a chasm fearfully immense, yawns below us, a fine study for the geologist. That it is of no recent date, appears from the tall trees at the bottom, with whose tops we are more than on a level, in fact, might "eat hominy off them," as the saying goes. Come neighbor Camdenian, look at your town, now, from Paint Hill, and from each "high place" like the Prophet of old, "bless it" for God would have it so. He would have the love of home in man, a part of his religion. To look from this noble pinnacle of nature, at your green bower like home will be to love it, and as you stand there, imbibing its charms, you may if you please, apostrophise it, in language like the following, or better:

TO MY OWN DEAR TOWN.

I've viewed you from many a classic height,
Full many a place of fair renown,
But none to me were like the sight
Of thee, my own dear Town.

They minister'd to eye and mind,
But ah, they failed to touch my heart
Like thee, tho' rating far behind,
In charms, my own dear Town.

From them, rich with the spoils of art,
With all that wealth and power confer,
Would often, my mind's eye depart
To thee, my own dear Town.

To get of thee, refreshing view,
Embower'd in trees, serene and calm,
While peopled with the good and true,
My good, my own dear Town.

Yes when I see thy Church's spires,
I know that prayer goes up from thee,
Then my heart's holiest desires
Go up, for my dear Town.

O let me, never be lured by gold,
To leave thy altars and thy hearths,
Let interest and affection hold
Me, to my own dear Town.

And more thy churches and thy graves
All, all the past in memory dwell,
O may these let no adverse waves
Drift me, from my dear Town.

Now down the hill, homeward bound we are again at McRae's old Mill. Our wild duck hunter is here, before us. He is, we perceive, stealing a march on our beautiful white crane still feeding among the lilies of the pond. He aims, he fires, alas! fallen it has into the snare of the

Fowler, and we are unwillingly in at the pretty creature's death. The children of our party are horrified. O, I never would have killed a crane, for any thing, cried one of the little ones. He has killed one for a fan. Ladies must have fans, and cranes be sacrificed, "tho' 'tis 'tis true," for these pretty waterfowls do so enhance the picturesque, that every time we pass McRae's old Mill we'll leave a requiem sigh for the dead crane.
COMPAGNON DU VOYAGE.
Camden, July, 1853.

Beautiful Illustration.

Rev. Mr. Willets, of Philadelphia, in illustrating the blessedness of cultivating a liberal spirit, uses this figure:

"See," he says, "that little fountain yonder—away, yonder in the distant mountain, shining like a thread of silver through the thick copse, and sparkling like a diamond in its headlight activity. It is hurrying on with tinkling feet to bear its tribute to the river. See, it passes a stagnant pool, and the pool hails it: 'Whither away, master streamlet?' 'I am going to the river to bear this cup of water God has given me.' 'Ah, you are very foolish for that—you'll need it before the summer's over. It has been a backward spring, and we shall have a hot summer to pay for it—you will dry up then.'—'Well,' said the streamlet, 'if I am to die so soon, I had better work while the day lasts. If I am likely to lose this treasure from the heat, I had better do good with it while I have it.' So on it went, blessing and rejoicing in its course.—The pool smiled complacently at its own superiority, and husbanded all its resources, letting not a drop steal away. Soon the mid-summer heat came down, and it fell upon the little stream. But the trees crowded to its brink and threw out their sheltering branches over it in the day of adversity, for it brought refreshment and life to them and the sun peeped through the branches and smiled complacently upon its dimpled face, and seemed to say, 'It's not in my heart to harm you.' And the birds sipped its silver tide, and sung its praises; the flowers breathed their perfume upon its bosom; the beasts of the field loved to linger near its banks; the husbandman's eye always sparkled with joy, as he looked upon the line of verdant beauty that marked its course through his fields and meadows; and so on it went, blessing and blessed of all!"

"And where was the prudent pool? Alas! in its glorious inactivity, it grew sickly and pestilential. The beasts of the field put their lips to it, but turned away without drinking; the breeze stopped and kissed it by mistake, but shrunk chilled away. It caught the malaria in the contact, and carried the plague through the region, and the inhabitants caught it and had to move away; and at last the very frogs cast their venom upon the pool and deserted it, and heaven in mercy to man smote it with a hotter breath and dried it up!"

"But did not the little stream exhaust itself? Oh, no! God saw to that; it emptied its full cup into the river, and the river bore it on to the sea, and the sea welcomed it, and the sun smiled upon the sea, and the sea sent up its incense to greet the sun, and the clouds caught in their capacious bosoms the incense from the sea, and the winds, like waiting steeds, caught the chariots of the clouds and bore them away—away to the mountain that bore the little fountain birth, and there they tipped the brimming cup, and poured the grateful baptism down; and so God saw to it, that the little fountain, though it gave so fully, and so freely, never ran dry. And if God so bless the fountain, will he not bless you, my friends, if, 'as ye have freely received, ye also freely give!' Be assured he will!"

IS RELIGION BEAUTIFUL?—Always! In the child, the maiden, the wife, the mother, religion shines with a holy, benignant beauty of its own, which nothing of earth can mar. Never yet was the female character perfect without the steady faith of piety. Beauty, intellect, wealth—they are like pitfalls, dark in the brightest day, unless the divine light, unless religion throw her soft beams around them, to purify and exalt, making twice glorious that which seemed all loveliness before.

Religion is very beautiful—in health or sickness, in wealth or poverty. We never enter the sick chamber of the good, but soft music seems to float on the air, and the burden of their song is, "Lo, peace is here."

Could we look into thousands of families to-day, where discontent sits fighting sullenly with life, we should find the chief cause of unhappiness, want of religion in woman.

And in the felon's cell, in places of crime, misery, destitution, ignorance, we should behold, in all its most horrible deformity, the fruit of irreligion in woman.

O religion! benignant majesty, high on thy throne thou sittest, glorious and exalted. Not above the clouds, for earth clouds come never between thee and the truly pious soul—not beneath the clouds, for above thee is heaven, opening through a broad vista of exceeding beauty.

Its gates in the splendor of jasper and precious stones, with a dewy light that neither flashes nor blazes, but steadily proceedeth from the throne of God. Its tower, bathed in refulgent glory, ten times the brightness of ten thousand suns, yet soft, undazzling to the eye.

And there religion points. Art thou weary? it whispers "rest up there, forever." Art thou weighed down with unnumbered iniquities? "kings and priests in that holy home." Art thou poor? "the very street before thy mansion shall be gold." Art thou friendless? "the angels shall be thy companions, and God thy friend and father."

Is religion beautiful? We answer, all is desolation and deformity where religion is not.

No man is a gentleman who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is a vulgarity, for which no accomplishments or dress can ever atone. Show me the man who desires to make every one happy around him, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give just cause of offence to any one, and I will show you a gentleman by nature and practice, although he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth or ever have heard of a lexicon.

He that makes himself an ass, must not take it ill if men ride him.

He that is cheated twice by the same man, is an accomplice with the cheater.

CIVILITY IS A FORTUNE.—Civility is a fortune in itself, for a courteous man always succeeds in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him, by one cotemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and by another, that it was the more pleasing to be denied a favor by his Grace, than to receive one from other men. The gracious manners of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at a time, when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of our own country is full of examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if he will but recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability, or the reverse, creates instantaneously a prepossession in his behalf, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To man, civility is, in fact, what beauty is to woman; it is a general passport to favor; a letter of recommendation written in a language that every stranger understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, as the greatest sounders have frequently succeeded by their plausible manners. Of two men, equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the chance for fortune.

GOOD FORTUNE.—About six months ago a young man in this city, cashier and book-keeper in a house engaged in the Western produce business, had placed to his credit on the books of his employer the sum of \$100. That was all the capital he possessed in cash. He had been two years in the house, however; was industrious, steady and preserving; understood business; had the confidence of his employer, and the prospect, of speedily becoming that person's partner.

The employer, at the time mentioned died, while on a trip to the North. On opening his will, it was found that he had left to the young man the duty of settling his estate, paying a number of legacies, &c. The young man had the business of the house left him; and the sum of \$2000 cash. As the fortune of the deceased was in money deposited in bank, and the estate was not in debt, the succession was soon settled.

After six months labor at the head of the house, the young man who had only \$100, finds that he has made \$9,000 profits and is possessed of as handsome a business as could be desired.—N. O. Picayune.

COURTESY.—THINK OF THIS.—The power of diffusing happiness is not the exclusive power of the rich. All are capable of it. The poorest man can cheer me by his affection, or distress me by his hatred or contempt. Every man is dependent on another. A piece of neglect, even from the lowest and most contemptible of men, is fit to ruffle the serenity of our happiness; and a civil attention even from the humblest of our land carries a gracious and exhilarating influence along with it.

Let me never hear, then, that the poor have nothing in their power. They have it in their power to give or withhold kind or obliging expressions. They have it in their power to give or withhold the smiles of affection and sincerity of tender attachment. Let not the humble offerings of poverty be disregarded. The man of sentiment knows how to value them; he prizes them the best deeds of beneficence.—They lighten the weary anxieties of this world and carry on with a cheerful heart to the end of the journey.

THE CURATIVE POWER OF MONEY.—An eminent surgeon from this city was recently called to New Hampshire, by the officers of a railroad corporation, to make a professional examination of a number of individuals who were injured by an accident upon a railroad last year, and who have put in high claims for damages. On instituting a rigid examination of one of the worst cases, the wife of the injured individual innocently remarked "that she hoped they would pay her husband soon, so that he could get well!" When asked how the case would be hastened by a settlement she said, "It would be with her husband just as it was with Mr. N. He was sick five months and some folks thought he never would recover, but as soon as the railroad folks paid him he got well in a few days!"—Boston Trav.

"Sally, you seem ignorant in geography. I will examine you in grammar. Take the sentence, 'Marriage is a civil contract.' Parse Marriage?" "Marriage is a noun, because it is a name. And though Shakespeare asks, 'what's a name?' and says that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, yet 'marriage,' being a noun, and therefore a name, ergo, there is something in a name." "Good! Well, what is the case of marriage?"

"Don't know sir." Decline it and see."

"Don't feel at liberty to decline marriage; after having made Bill the promise I have I'd rather conjugate."

HAPPIEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—The happiest man in the world is said to be a "nigger at a dance." In our opinion this rule is too limited. A "nigger" is not only happy at a dance, but in every other position. A darkey may be poor, but he is never low spirited. Whatever he earns he invests in fun and devilry. Give him a dollar, and in less than an hour, he will lay seven shillings of it out in yellow neck ties or a cracked violin. There is something in the African that sheds trouble as a duck will water.—Who ever knew a "cullud pason" to commit suicide? The negro is strongly given to love or jealousy; but he has no taste for arsenic. He may lose his all by betting against a roulette, but he don't find relief for his despair as white folks do, by resorting to charcoal fumes or a new bed cord, but by visiting "de fair sex," and participating in the mazy influence of "de occultal convulsions of der clarinet."—N. O. Picayune.

He that has no shame has no conscience.
He that listens after what people say of him, shall never have any peace.

General News.

UNION OF WHITAKER'S "SOUTHERN MAGAZINE" WITH "THE SOUTHERN ECLECTIC."—We are gratified to be able to announce the union of those two valuable monthlies, which has been for some time past a matter of negotiation. The work will hereafter be conducted under the joint editorial direction of D. K. Whitaker, esq., and Professor J. H. Fitten. Both these gentlemen are eminently qualified by their talents, education and experience to conduct such a work with success and reputation. Mr. Whitaker has been long connected with the periodical literature of the South. He is a ripe scholar and a fine writer. His able management of the "Southern Quarterly Review," a work which he projected and conducted with signal ability for some years—has settled the question of his entire fitness for such an enterprise.

To those who are acquainted with Professor Fitten—his connection with the Oglethorpe University—the laurels he won there, and the fine taste he has invariably exhibited in the conduct of the "Southern Eclectic," it is unnecessary to say a word by way of recommending to popular favor.

The united work will commence its career on the 1st of next September, with a large subscription list, and with every prospect of a wide spread and permanent popularity. It will retain the name of the "Southern Eclectic," embracing selections from the best journals of Great Britain, and the Continent of Europe, and original contributions from the pens of gifted Southern writers.

Those who may have received three numbers of Mr. Whitaker's "Southern Magazine," published by Messrs. Johnson and Davis of Columbia, S. C. will, we are informed, be supplied with the entire numbers of "the Southern Eclectic" for one year, in consideration of the interruption that occurred in the progress of the former work, so that those subscribers will receive twelve numbers, for their year's subscription, in addition to the three published at Columbia.

The editors would respectfully request newspapers throughout Georgia and South Carolina, in Charlotte, N. C., Columbia and Nashville, Tenn., and Montgomery and Huntsville (Ala.) to publish this announcement by way of information.

SPARTANBURG, July 28 1853.

DEATH OF A. M. LITTLE.—It becomes our painful duty to record the death of the gentleman whose name heads this article. He died yesterday morning at 17 minutes past 12, and was buried yesterday evening at 4 o'clock by the Spartanburg Volunteer Company with the honors of war. The funeral sermon was preached yesterday at 3 o'clock, a. m., by the Rev. J. G. Landrum.

Mr. Little came to our town a few weeks since, feeble and emaciated in search of health. He remained at Martin Springs for a fortnight, and finding no relief was removed hither by his faithful friend, T. Jarman Elford, esq., who procured for him superior medical aid, and the constant attentions of a valuable and attentive servant. Mr. Little was a stranger to every one except Mr. Elford, who (it will be gratifying to his friends to know) did every thing in his power to relieve his suffering, and render comfortable his last moments. Of his history we have learned the following particulars. At the age of 16 or 17, he applied to join the Palmetto Regiment as it was about departing for Mexico. His application was promptly rejected on account of his youthfulness. Determined not to be disappointed in the promptings of his gallant spirit he entered the ranks with the Regiment for Mexico:—Thence he was forcibly ejected for the same reason, his extreme youth.

With soldierly determination and a spirit undamped by the discouragements he had received, he applied to the Newberry Company—was admitted—repaired to the battlefields of Mexico and there won for himself imperishable honor and glory as a private. During the engagement at the gate of the city he lost his right arm. An eye-witness tells us that he displayed a gallantry and bravery through the war that provoked the praises of all and secured him a high and enviable character. So distinguished was he, that on his arrival home he was dispatched to the Citadel at Charleston at the expense of the State to acquire an education. Up to this time he was utterly illiterate being neither able to read nor write. Appreciating the facilities afforded him for the acquirement of an education he concentrated all his energies to the improvement of his mind and the mastery of his studies. So successful was he that in three years and a half, he was able to perform the duties of assistant to one of the professors and in four years graduated with the honors of his class. Such is the brief but interesting history of this young man.—Spartan.

A MARKED OMISSION.—The New York Mirror is responsible for the following story respecting Mrs. Stowe, now of world-wide reputation as the slanderer and enemy of the South:

"Some years ago she and her husband (Prof. Stowe) were at the water-cure establishment in Brattleboro, Vermont. Being unable to pay their bill, even their board, they received notice to quit. The physician offered to treat the Professor medically, if he would pay his bill and his wife's board; but himself and his friends could not even do that. At this juncture a citizen of Natchez, a cotton planter, got up a subscription, and heading the list, obtained a sum sufficient to pay the expenses of the whole family until the Professor was restored to health. The chief, if not the only subscribers, were Southern men and planters. Mrs. Stowe was not mentioned in this incident in Uncle Tom's Cabin, nor in the Key."

We have also heard that a Rev. Mr. Beecher, many years ago, married at the South, by which act he became the owner of sundry slaves. The proprietorship of such stock not suiting him, he did not emancipate, but sold them all, and returned to the North. Our informant, if we remember aright, was of the opinion that this said Mr. Beecher was some very near relative of Mrs. Uncle Tom, which is quite likely.—Carolinian.

The Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, delivered an oration on the Fourth of July, before the citizens of Syracuse, New York, which we find published in the Syracuse Star of the 25th inst. It is says the Washington Republic, a beautiful and most patriotic effusion, containing glowing tributes to the memories of Calhoun, Clay and Webster, and eloquent admonitions, to the people of the State of New-York to cherish a fraternal spirit towards the other States of this Confederacy.

On Monday, the visitors to the exhibition were—with single tickets, 2,650, and with season tickets, 1,250. The cash receipts \$1,357.75, besides \$98.38 to the Washington Monument. The Ship Centaur has just arrived at New York with 62 cases of articles for the Italian department of the exhibition. The monster lamp of coal from the Parker Vein Company's mine in Allegany county, Md., was placed in the Palace on Monday.

Fusion of Parties.

A curious circular has been issued from Massachusetts, under the caption of a "Patriotic Call of the Union Men of Massachusetts," for a State Union Party Convention at Newburyport on the 5th September, 1853.

The object of the Convention, as stated in this document, is the total abandonment of all existing parties, and the organization, under entire new issues and measures, of an Independent State and National Union Party, upon a broad, deep, and lasting foundation.

We have long since ceased to regard the chief political organizations as of paramount importance in the proper administration of the affairs of the government. The cardinal doctrines of the Democratic party have been engrafted on the national policy, whilst those of an opposite character have been expunged, and are now generally deemed obsolete. The doctrine of free trade has triumphed, not only in the United States, but in Europe; and indeed, is almost universally received as the settled policy of the nations of the earth. It would be vain, then, for any political organization in this country to base their existence on a creed embracing protection and high duties, or any kindred doctrines. We believe that the dissolution of the old parties is well-nigh completed, and that nothing remains for true Republicans to do but to exercise uninterrupted watchfulness, and steadily maintain and defend the constitution of the country.

What the proposed new party referred to above have to make a groundwork for organization we do not fully comprehend. Its prominent avowed object is devotion to the National Union and the upholding of the Constitution, the Union, and the laws, and to stand by the country and the National Government long after all other parties cease to have an existence and to withhold their support, in all other parties cease to have existence, and to withhold their support, in all future State and national elections, from every element of disunion, and from all candidates for office not pledged to carry out the principles, policy, and measures of this new party.

This is all very fine, but it is worth while to inquire on what basis they design to uphold the Union, or under what construction of that instrument they intend to sustain the Constitution? The locality of the originators of the proposition is suspicious, and Union men in the South may be pardoned in waiting for further developments before they render in their adherence to this organization. The rights of the individual States and the rigid exclusion in the National Legislature of all interference in their affairs, can alone lay a solid and lasting foundation for a Union party. The experience of the past, however, gives us but little hope that such a foundation will be shortly laid. There is a dearth of material, and the workmen, especially, in certain sections of the Eastern States, are far between. We are content, however, to await further developments.—South Carolinian.

PROFITS OF RAILROADS.—A statement is going the rounds of the papers as to the net profits of the New England Railroads, making them six per cent. or, thereabouts. This return is not so good, however, as that on some other roads in this country. It may be accounted for, perhaps, by the comparatively greater cost of building railroads in a hilly, primitive region, than by constructing them in a prairie district, where as we are credibly told, they can be surveyed, laid and stocked for twelve thousand dollars a mile. However, a return of six per cent. is sufficient. It is the interest of the public to have fares as low as will be consistent with a fair return; and therefore, when the net earnings exceed that amount, the freights and fares ought to be reduced.

It is a capital return, also, as compared with the European roads. In Belgium where railway economy was first brought to perfection, the net profits are but three and a half per cent., and this is considered satisfactory. In France the net profits are only two and seven-tenths per cent.—In Germany, the average profits are three per cent. As interest is lower in Europe than here, these returns are, on the whole, nearly as remunerative as the six per cent. made on the New England roads. In striking a net profit, however, it is necessary to allow at least one sixteenth annually of the original cost of the road, to provide for wear and tear. We are not sure that this has been done in all these estimates. If not, the railway, or railways, where it has been omitted, are losing concerns. None, it will be perceived, are more than moderately lucrative.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

JENOVAH.—This Hebrew name of the Deity was held in such peculiar veneration by the Jews, that they never allowed themselves to pronounce it in the reading of their sacred books, but substituted for it, whenever it occurred, the term Adonai, or Lord. This practice is maintained even to this day; nor will they write the word in perfect Hebrew letters. And, according to this scruple, they have left the word Jehovah imperfectly written over the beautiful altar-piece in the recently erected synagogue in St. Helen's place, (London) making it to resemble that word, but in reality, to signify the Eternity.